

The Sketch.



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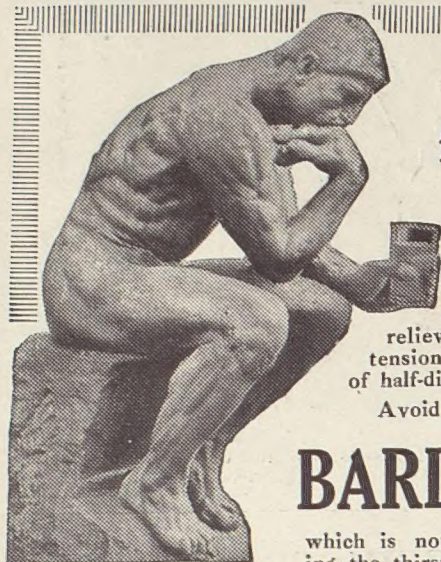
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The Sketch

No. 1173.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

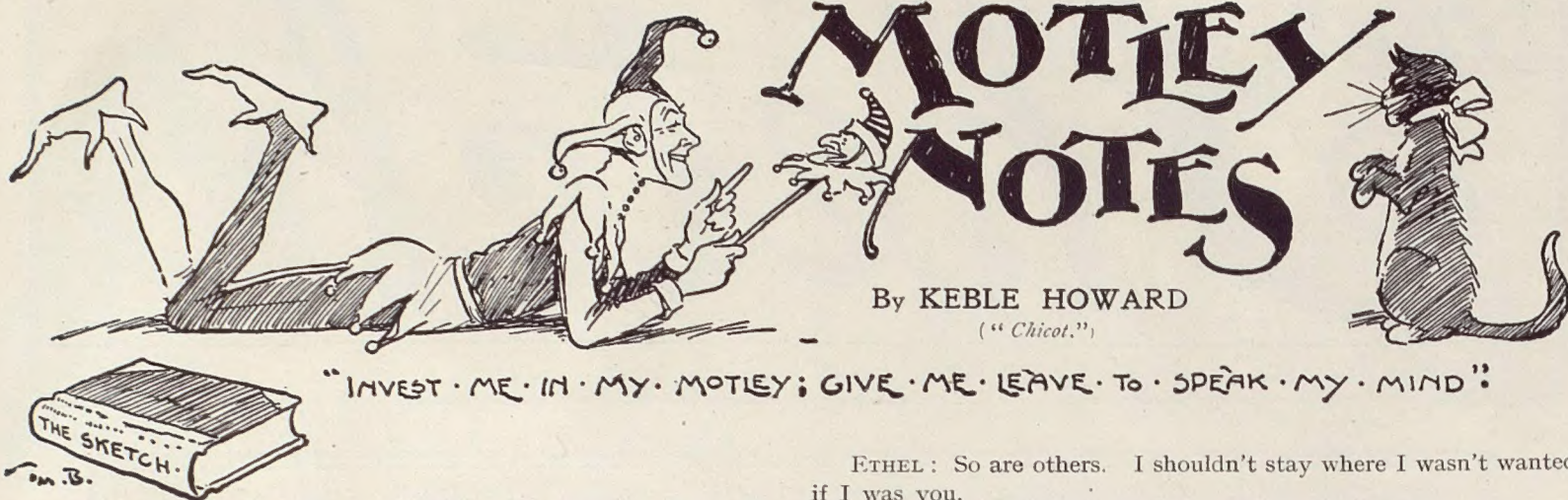


MUNITIONS FOR LA CROIX ROUGE: MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE WAYLAYS HER FATHER ON FRENCH FLAG DAY AND FINDS HIM, NOT REGALLY PENNILESS THIS TIME, BUT "ALREADY PROVIDED"

One of the most charming and successful sellers of the Tricolour on French Flag Day was little Miss Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the Minister of Munitions. Her "beat" was in and about Whitehall, and so popular was she with purchasers, especially among Welsh visitors to town, that the police on duty thereabouts were constantly answering inquiries as to where she might be found. Among

her customers were Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and other political and official personages. She also waylaid her father, as our photograph shows, but found herself forestalled. Mr. Lloyd George has sometimes on such occasions been caught with empty pockets, in the regal manner. This time he had already contributed his munitions to the French Red Cross Fund by obtaining a flag elsewhere.

Photograph by L.N.A.



Seaside Insanity. Mental experts, cerebral scientists, and other kill-joys of that sort are now publicly agreed that sea-air has so powerful an effect on the brain that those who are unaccustomed to it become temporarily insane. Be that as it may, we all know that visitors to the seaside behave in a quite uncommon, not to say eccentric, manner. I will try to contrast for you the conversation of two ordinary young people in an inland town, and of the same two young people whilst suffering from seaside insanity—

I. AT BIRMINGHAM.

ARTHUR: Feel like another set?

ETHEL: Oh, no, I don't think so.

ARTHUR: Tired?

ETHEL: No, not exactly. I don't know what's the matter with me these days. I never seem to want to do anything.

ARTHUR: Question is, is there anything worth doing?

ETHEL: You don't mean to say you feel like that, too, do you?

ARTHUR: Not half, I don't.

ETHEL: Well, isn't that a funny thing! I thought I was the only one!

ARTHUR: You can put me down as a starter for the Fed-Up Stakes.

ETHEL: What I mean, all these girls. I don't know whether it's me or them, but they do seem such a fat-headed lot, somehow. You know what I mean.

ARTHUR: I should say I did. Same with me and the chaps. I seem to know what they're going to say before they've said it. Well, when it's like that, it's not much use hearing it, is it?

ETHEL: You know, I used to be quite fond of some of these girls. Take Alice Best, for instance. Me and her used to be as thick as thieves. You couldn't separate us. Nowadays, when she calls for me to take a stroll round the shops and that, I make off upstairs and tell mother to say I'm out. Funny, isn't it?

ARTHUR: Oh, I don't know. It's just the same with me and Ernie Baker. Extraordinary, to me, the way that chap's gone off. In every way, I mean. I used to think him quite smart. Give me twenty minutes of unadulterated Ernie these days and I get just sick.

ETHEL: Then there's Flo Galton. You used to admire her once, didn't you?

ARTHUR: Not me.

ETHEL: Oh? I thought you did?

ARTHUR: Never!

ETHEL: I uster see you with her often enough, and chance it!

ARTHUR: I don't say I wasn't civil to the girl.

ETHEL: Oh, that's what you call it, is it? Just as well to know.

ARTHUR: Bit spiteful, aren't you?

ETHEL: What, me? Spiteful? What about, pray?

ARTHUR: Well, you sounded a bit spiteful about poor old Flo.

ETHEL: "Poor old Flo"! That's the way the wind blows, is it?

ARTHUR: "Wind blows"? I don't know what you mean.

ETHEL: Oh, chuck it. Run along and talk to "poor old Flo." She's been practising the Morse code with her eyelids these last ten minutes.

ARTHUR: Some people are very snappy to-night.

ETHEL: So are others. I shouldn't stay where I wasn't wanted, if I was you.

ARTHUR: Thanks for the gentle hint. So long.

II. AT BOGNOR.

ARTHUR: Hulloo-ullo! I say, you do look ripping in that Tam!

ETHEL: Think it suits me?

ARTHUR: Rather! Never saw you in anything that suited you better! Makes you look like one of those drawings in the Summer Numbers!

ETHEL: Mother doesn't much care for it.

ARTHUR: Oh, mother be blowed! Coming on the pier?

ETHEL: I don't know that I ought to. I promised to wait here for Dad and Auntie.

ARTHUR: Oh, give 'em the slip. They're old enough to take care of themselves! Come on!

ETHEL: Well, you do dash it about when you get to the sea!

ARTHUR: Oh, that's nothing. We'll have a boat out, if you like!

ETHEL: No, I think I'd rather just stay on the pier. Isn't the band lovely? I do like that tune! What's it out of?

ARTHUR: Oh, one of the reviews. Makes anyone want to dance!

ETHEL: You do seem all lit up!

ARTHUR: I feel top-hole. What price the yachting-cap?

ETHEL: I was looking at that. Quite stylish, isn't it!

ARTHUR: I should like Ernie Baker to see us now! My word—old Ernie's eye-balls!

ETHEL: Yes, or Flo Galton! Jew remember that night at the tennis-club when I got mad with you about Flo?

ARTHUR: Yes, and all for nothing. You'd got a rotten hump that night and no mistake.

ETHEL: Oh, well, don't let's spoil it all talking about that. Seems as if Sparkbrook didn't exist!

ARTHUR: Ah, it gives anyone some idea of the size of the world, all this sea.

ETHEL: Shouldn't you like to go a long voyage across the sea?

ARTHUR: Not by meself, I shouldn't.

ETHEL: That's a funny hat that girl's got on.

ARTHUR: I said, not by meself, I shouldn't.

ETHEL: Oh, well, I don't suppose you'd be by yourself for long.

ARTHUR: For one thing, I shouldn't start by meself.

ETHEL: What's the time? We're having our dinner at one sharp.

ARTHUR: I said, for one thing, I said, I shouldn't start by meself.

ETHEL: Question is, who could you get to go with you? All the chaps—

ARTHUR: I shouldn't want no chap.

ETHEL: Do look at your watch and tell me the time.

ARTHUR: Time was made for slaves. Shall I tell you who I should like to go with for a long voyage across the sea?

ETHEL: Anybody I know?

ARTHUR: Yes, somebody you know. Somebody with fair hair, and blue eyes, and wears a Tam when she comes to the seaside.

ETHEL: That might be anybody.

ARTHUR: No, it mightn't.

ETHEL: I should think it might.

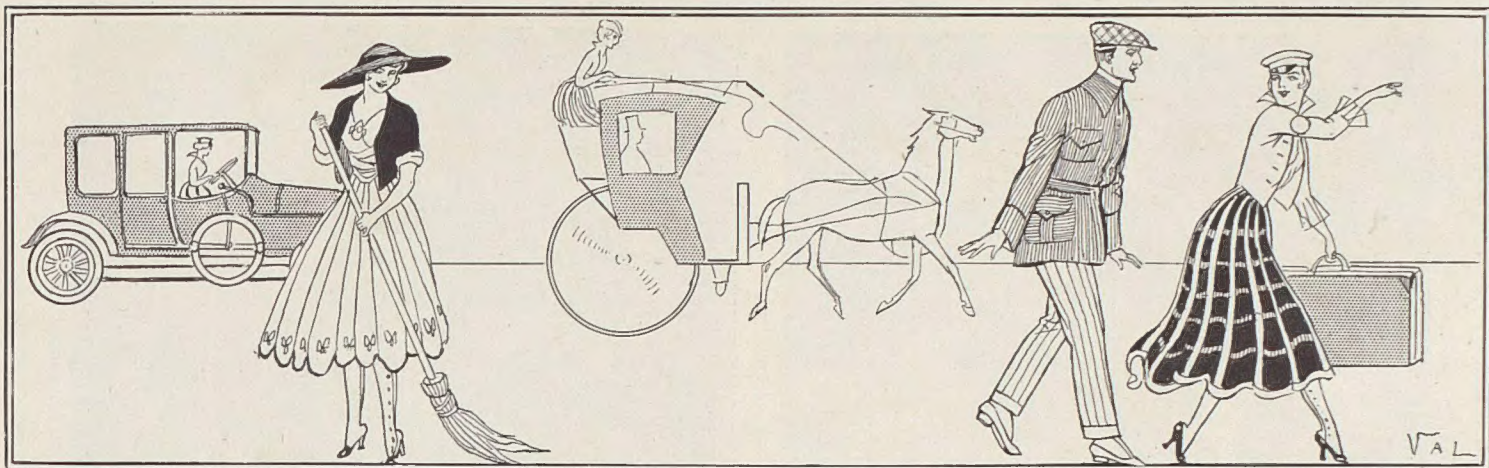
ARTHUR: Well, I shouldn't. Ethel!

ETHEL: Yes?

ARTHUR: Can't you pop out after supper for half-an-hour? There's going to be a full moon to-night.

ETHEL: Oo! Does sound nice, doesn't it?

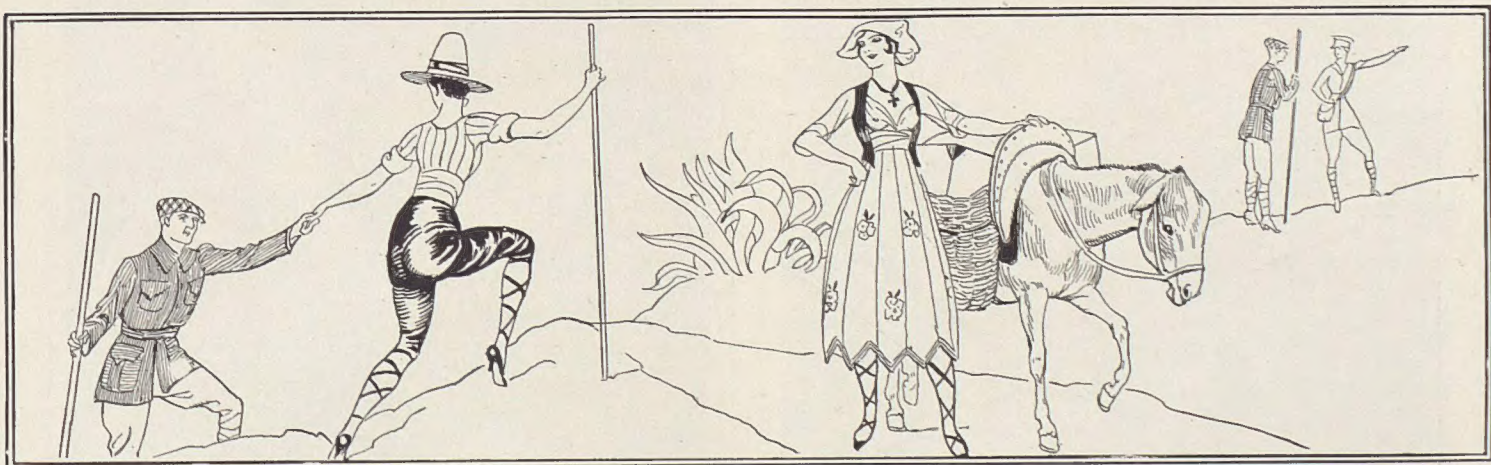
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: WOMAN IN HER HOUR OF—WORK.



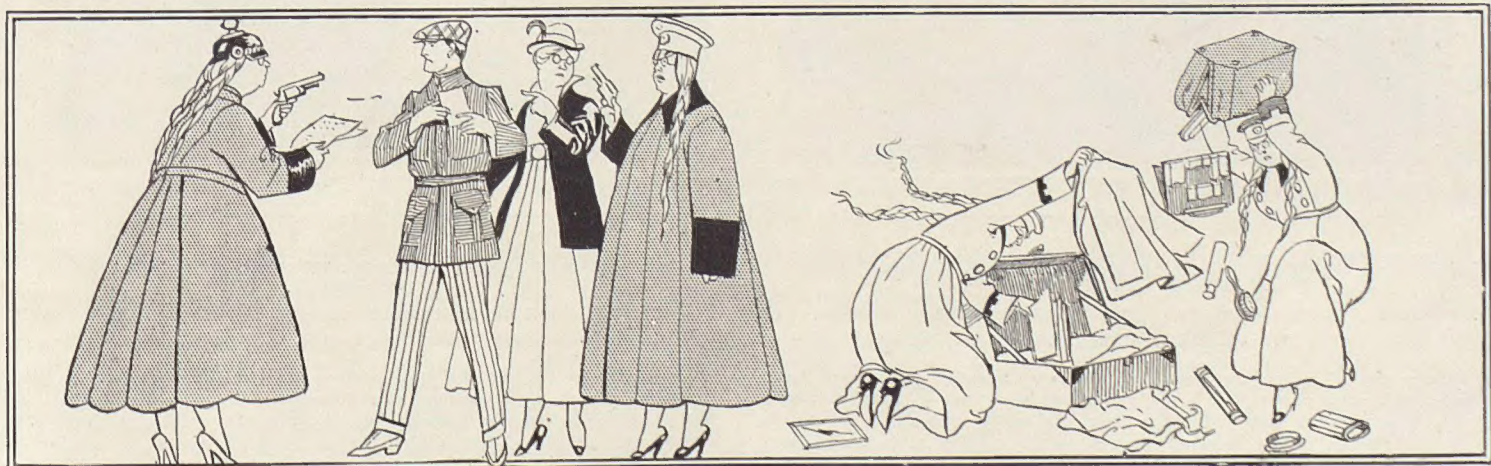
THE TRAVELLER IN EUROPE IN 1915 DISCOVERS THE WOMAN CABBIE, CHAUFFEUR, STREET-CLEANER AND PORTER—



—THE WOMAN BARBER, POSTMAN, AND TICKET-COLLECTOR—



—THE WOMAN ALPINE GUIDE, MULETEER, AND "COOK'S-MAN"—



—AND (IN LARGE CAPITALS), IN THE ENEMY COUNTRY, THE WOMAN CUSTOMS' OFFICER, AND POLICEMAN.

KHAKI WEDDINGS: A QUARTET OF MILITARY MARRIAGES.



1. SECOND LIEUTENANT O. C. JOHNSON AND MISS RUBY SYMONDSON, LEAVING THE CHURCH.

3. CAPTAIN TYRREL HOLLAND AND MISS CECILIA HENEAGE, AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

2. CAPTAIN GIBBONS AND MISS AILEEN DALE TROTTER, WITH THE BRIDESMAID.

4. CAPTAIN VALENTINE INGLEDIELD AND MISS MAY PRINSEP, LEAVING ST. MARY'S, CADOGAN SQUARE.

Quite a number of military marriages have taken place recently, most of them "very quietly, on account of the war." Our photographs show: No. 1, Second-Lieutenant O. C. Johnson, Queen's Own Royal West Kents, and his bride, Miss Ruby Symondson, leaving the Parish Church, Bromley, after the ceremony; No. 2, Captain Gibbons, East Lancashire Regiment, eldest son of Sir William Gibbons, K.C.B., and Lady Gibbons, of Pine Grove House, Weybridge, and his bride, Miss Aileen Dale Trotter,

eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Trotter, The Deanery, Staindrop, Darlington, leaving the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Street, after the wedding. The little bridesmaid is Miss Audrey Hutchinson; No. 3, Captain Tyrrel Holland, 12th Rifle Brigade, with his bride, Miss Cecilia Heneage, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after the ceremony. No. 4, Captain Valentine Ingledield, East Yorkshire Regiment, and his bride, Miss May Prinsep.

Photograph No. 1 by Illustrated Press Agency; Nos. 2 and 4 by C.N.; No. 3 by Sport and General.

GOVERNMENT ENGAGEMENTS—MATRIMONIAL AND FINANCIAL.



ENGAGED TO MR. E. S. MONTAGU, AND NOW A MEMBER OF HIS FAITH: THE HON. VENETIA STANLEY.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. VENETIA STANLEY: MR. E. S. MONTAGU, FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.



THE HOME SECRETARY NOT PARSIMONIOUS: SIR JOHN SIMON BUYS A FLAG FROM MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



THE LORD PRIVY SEAL NOT AT ALL WAXY: MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE SECURES LORD CURZON'S CUSTOM.

The Hon. Venetia Stanley, whose engagement to Mr. Edwin S. Montagu was recently announced, is the youngest daughter of Lord Sheffield. Her father is an intimate friend of Mr. Asquith, who sometimes "week-ends" at his Cheshire place, Alderley Park. Lord Sheffield was known as Lord Stanley of Alderley when he entered the House of Lords in 1903. Mr. E. S. Montagu, who is thirty-six, is the second son of the late Lord Swaythling. He has sat for West Cambridgeshire since 1906, and was for a time Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He retired from the latter office when the Coalition was formed, to make room for Mr. Winston Churchill, and

resumed his former post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He has also been Under-Secretary for India and Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister. By his marriage, curiously enough, he will become distantly connected with his successor in "the Duchy," for Mrs. Churchill is a grand-daughter of Miss Venetia Stanley's aunt, Henrietta, Countess of Airlie. Miss Stanley has embraced the Jewish faith.—Miss Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the Minister of Munitions, was very busy selling the Tricolour on French Flag Day in and about Downing Street and Whitehall. She secured many distinguished customers, including several Cabinet Ministers.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, L.N.A., and C.N.



HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE : BOER REMINISCENCES : GERMAN COLONISATION.

What Will Botha Accept?

A question that is being very generally asked just now is, "What will our Government do for Botha?"—and the answer to it is another question, "What does Botha want?" The Prime Minister of the Union could have had any number of crosses which would have carried knighthood with them had he wished for titles, and a barony would certainly be his, if he cared for it, as a reward for his present successful campaign. But he comes of a stout old Puritan stock that has never had a liking for Orders or titles; he has been Louis Botha to his own people since he was a lad, and I have little doubt that Louis Botha he will, of his own choice, continue to the end.

Boer Simplicity.

Paul Kruger, who was probably the greatest man that the Transvaal produced, had no wish ever to have any other prefix to his name than the affectionate "Oom," the title of "Uncle" given by the Boers to all elderly men. In the days when I knew well the Transvaal and the Boers who dwelt there, I had learned that

A Mighty Hunter.

But all the white inhabitants of South Africa, Boers and British, and the mixed progeny of the two races, will be proud of the great skill as a commander that Louis Botha has shown in this campaign in a desperately difficult country; and the Boers will recognise that his early training in shooting buck on the High Veldt has taught him his strategy. Buck-shooting with the Boers, in the days when the great droves of buck still pastured on the High Veldt, was not merely an amusement: it was the gathering in of meat to dry and to lay by—or rather, hang up—for the lean days when the veldt was all dried up, and the buck, all as thin as greyhounds, moved away from their usual grazing-grounds. The tactics the Boers employed to ride down and shoot the herds of wildebeeste and springbok and hartebeeste were the tactics they employed against white adversaries.

The Great Encircling Movement.

Botha's great encircling movement, the swift marches of the mounted corps, the long tramp of the men on foot to close all gaps, would have been just as effective had the prey to be



LONDON BUSINESS MEN HELPING TO MAKE MUNITIONS AT WOOLWICH: A SUNDAY SHIFT, INCLUDING ARSENAL OFFICIALS, VOLUNTEERS, AND REGULAR WORKMEN—ALL ON THE BEST OF TERMS.

Ten thousand London business and professional men have joined the Volunteer Munitions Brigade, and are devoting their week-ends to the work of making the shells and cartridges so much needed by the troops at the front. Their work has greatly increased the week-end output. The best feeling prevails between the volunteers and the regular workmen, some of whom are here seen together. In the group, also, are: Sir H. F. Donaldson, Chief

Superintendent of the Royal Ordnance Factories at Woolwich Arsenal; Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Barlow, Bt., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory; and Mr. Hartley, Engineer-in-Charge of the Cartridge Factories. The success of the Volunteer Munitions Brigade is largely due to the energy of its Hon. Sec. and Organising Officer, Mr. W. R. Gaff, of Messrs. Gaff, Harper and Co., Chartered Accountants, New Broad Street. He is seated in the centre.

Photograph by Sport and General.

when one arrived at a Boer farm and had off-saddled, it was etiquette on entering the house to say, "Good-morning, Uncle; good-morning, Aunt," to the two old people, and then to be prepared for some very direct questioning before one was bidden sit down and drink coffee.

The Doppet Boers.

I daresay even now the descendants of the old Doppet Boers—the irreconcilables, who are mostly to be found in the Free State: the men who sympathised with De Wet, even if they did not join in his hare-brained rebellion—think that Botha has been unwise to put "The Right Hon." before his name, though they would approve of the title of General. The stern old Boers who moved away from land to land, keeping always a day's march distant from civilisation, looked to the Bible for inspiration in all small matters as well as in all great matters, and I can imagine even now some very strait-laced preacher telling the General that he has fallen a victim to the lures of the Philistines in accepting any prefix to his name.

encircled been a great herd of buck and not a German army. How complete was the ring the unconditional surrender of the Germans, without an attempt to break out, shows. Botha might have made the terms as hard as he pleased; but, no doubt, he remembered the recent history of his own country, and reflected that the German colonists who were in arms would soon be fellow-members with him of the Union of South Africa, and that to allow them all the honours of war now will make future intercourse with them more easy.

German Methods.

It will be interesting to hear what the Boers who trekked from British South Africa across the Orange River think of the change of sovereignty. They will most likely have discovered by now that German methods of colonisation and German government of Crown Colonies are far more irksome to independent spirits than is the freedom of a self-governing group of colonies under the British flag. They certainly will be persuaded that, in South Africa at least, that flag is continuously advanced, and that, willy-nilly, they must live and thrive under it.

LOST TO US ; GAINED BY U.S.A. : AN EARL'S DAUGHTER.



A Society Lady who has Made Many Flights.

A LADY WHO MIGHT ALTER HER FAMILY'S MOTTO TO "BY COURAGE, AND BY AIR-CRAFT" :
LADY VICTORIA BRADY.

Lady Victoria Brady, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick, was married last year to Mr. James Cox Brady, a wealthy and well-known American, and has just presented him with a little daughter. Lady Victoria is very popular in Society, and is well known in aviation circles, having made a number of flights with the late Mr. Gustav

Hamel and other famous aviators. Lady Victoria was born in 1893. The Pery motto is : "By courage, not by craft." Lady Victoria has obviously improved upon this, and might adopt a revised version : "By courage, and by air-craft." Lady Victoria and Mr. James Cox Brady make their home in New York.



THE hay-making in Carlton House Terrace was a great idea, and Lady Cowdray has reason to believe that it meant a good deal more than a passing social excitement. If all the

women who entered into the spirit of the thing at No. 16 keep it up when they get back to their own country gardens there will be a lot of serious work done before the year is out. Lady Cowdray is very keen on the conversion of the ornamental garden into something useful, and the putting of large country-house staffs on to jobs that will add to the productiveness of the country. England is supplied, out of all proportion to her present needs, with lawns, mowers, fern-houses, rockeries, motor-houses and patent sprinklers. Kitchen-gardens, separators, and churns are to take their place, if Lady Cowdray has her way.

Lady Cowdray and the Cow.

Though the dairy idea is new to Carlton House Terrace, Lady Cowdray's windows overlook the stall where, until quite recently, a prize-worthy cow used to supply warm milk to the penny customer. In Sussex, and as a girl

in her own home, Lady Cowdray has always been fond of dairy-farming; and though her husband's interest in Mexican oil-fields and other foreign concerns has taken her abroad, she is essentially English in her preferences. She sets the buttercup of Sussex against the gaudy melon-flower; and much prefers the gnats of her meadow-lands, though they are the only serious enemy of the amateur dairy-hand, to the mosquitoes of South America.

Sir James's Fifty. The friend in the Adelphi who gave Gaby fifty pounds for the first flag of French Day rather wishes he hadn't been called upon so early in the morning. By lunch-time he almost

felt like buying another, and at tea he told himself he was a shirker. From Gaby's point of view, also, it would have been wiser if she had got her plum later in the day. The glory of spending hour after hour among half-crown customers was rather dimmed by the thought of the first great coup. Money values are all comparative, and gold spoils the look of the sixpences.

The French Ambassador. A reception at the French Embassy nowadays has quite the proper air of Republicanism, and on flag-day in particular M. Cambon was at home to just such a crowd as attends a Government

reception in Paris. Portions of it turned up in carriages and private motors, some came in taxis because of the downpour of rain, and the rest arrived damp. M. Cambon was everything to everybody, a perfect host. His day, and all his small money, had been spent among the sellers; and only by furtively withdrawing duplicates as more flags were pressed on him did he save himself from looking patriotic to the point of ridicule. One of his main trials was a lady in a tricolour skirt, but devoid of conscience, who stood at the porch of the Embassy. Of all sellers she was the most delightfully impetuous, and cared nothing for the pin-staffs her sisters had already planted on the breasts of passers-by.

Venetia Stanley's Engagement.

The Hon. Venetia Stanley is named, like her sister Henrietta, after one of Lord Beaconsfield's heroines, and lives in a region where

Society and politics mingle after the true Disraelian fashion. As her father's help-mate in Portland Place she grew learned beyond her years in Liberal affairs, but her popularity is by no means bounded by Party. Her engagement to the Hon. Edwin Montagu is just such an one as a novelist with a talent for happy endings would have led her into.

Mr. Edwin Montagu.

Miss Venetia Stanley has a fine head, but Mr. Montagu has one still finer—for figures. As Financial Secretary to the Treasury he has been peculiarly interested in the recent declaration of large estates, and, unlike most Financial Secretaries, brings his personal experience to bear on the problems of Death Duties. When his father died in 1911, the Swaythling estate was provisionally sworn at £1,150,000.—His father's will, of course, leaps to mind at the moment of Mr. Montagu's engagement. Should any of his children, decreed his Lordship, "not profess the Jewish faith or marry anyone not of the Jewish faith, he or she shall forfeit his or her share of the estate and become entitled to an annuity of only one

hundred." It was a great will, and needed the special attention of the Financial Secretary to be adequately coped with.

Miss Page. To say that Miss Kathleen Page is the sort of American girl who marries an American man on principle is to put it rather chillily. She does, however, belong (as do the Wilson girls) to a set that cares less than nothing for a title.



MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST :
MISS VERA PREST.

The marriage of Miss Vera Prest, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley F. Prest, of Ravensworth, Beckenham, to Lieutenant Norman Foster, of the East Riding Yorkshire Yeomanry, took place on July 17.

Photograph by Sarony.



THE WOMEN'S POLICE : IMPORTANT OFFICIALS
OF THE NEW FORCE.

Miss D. Dawson, Chief Officer, and Miss M. S. Allon, Chief Superintendent, of the Women's Police, have undertaken important and useful work. It is obvious that at all times, whether in war or peace, there is ample scope in every great city for the work of women police, especially as concerns the comfort and safety of women and children in busy thoroughfares; and good wishes for complete success in carrying out their unconventional but very useful duties will be with these ladies in the discharge of their responsible task.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED ON SATURDAY
LAST : MISS M. E. T. WAY.

Miss M. E. T. Way, whose marriage to Second-Lieutenant E. Noel Uzielli, of the 9th (Service) Battalion, Royal Munster Fusiliers, was arranged to take place on Saturday, is the daughter of Mr. H. W. L. Way, of Yeldham, Essex.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.



AN INTERESTING NAVAL
WEDDING : LIEUTENANT
LOGAN HOOK, R.N.

Lieutenant Logan Hook, R.N., whose marriage to Miss Fenella Jones was arranged to take place on July 14, is the eldest son of Mr. Bryan Hook, of Silverbeck Court, Farnham.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED ON SATURDAY
LAST : SECOND-LIEUTENANT
E. NOEL UZIELLI.

Second-Lieutenant E. N. Uzielli, whose marriage to Miss M. E. T. Way was arranged to take place on July 17, is in the Royal Munster Fusiliers. He is the son of Mr. E. A. Uzielli, of Brighton.

Photograph by Langfieri.



AN INTERESTING NAVAL
WEDDING : MISS FENELLA
JONES.

Miss Fenella Jones, whose marriage to Lieutenant Logan Hook, R.N., was arranged to take place on July 14, is the third daughter of Captain F. Gilbert Jones, R.N., and Mrs. Jones, of Invergelder, Southsea.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

GABY THE FLAG-VENDOR: BIG BUSINESS AT THE SAVOY.



RAISING £500 FOR THE FRENCH RELIEF FUND ON FRENCH FLAG DAY: MLE. GABY DESLYS IN HER DECORATED CAR.



A CHARMING EMBODIMENT OF LA PATRIE: MLE. GABY DESLYS SWATHED AND SURROUNDED WITH THE TRICOLOUR.



VIVE LA FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND FOR EVER! A KILTIED SOLDIER RAISES HIS BONNET TO MLE. GABY DESLYS WHILE A COMRADE BUYS A TRICOLOUR FROM HER OUTSIDE THE SAVOY HOTEL ON FRENCH FLAG DAY.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the very embodiment of French femininity and French patriotism, swathed in a broad tricolour sash over her shoulder, did great business on French Flag Day outside the Savoy Hotel. She secured in all about £500 for the French Relief Fund, one customer alone giving £100 for a flag. As she drove along Piccadilly in her gaily decorated car she was subjected to a fusillade of coins from

people on 'buses, and one Naval officer at the wheel of a motor managed, so to speak, to "drive her ashore" by hemming her car in at the kerb, in order to buy his Tricolour from her. Altogether, she was as great a success as a war-charity saleswoman as she is in "5064 Gerrard" at the Alhambra. One of her colleagues in that revue, Miss Phyllis Monkman, was also selling flags at the Savoy Hotel with great success.

Photographs by Alfieri, G.P.U. and C.N.

THE SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW VEIL! A NATURAL EFFECT.



IN A LATTICE OF SHADE: MRS. VERNON CASTLE; WITH HER PET MONKEY, RASTUS.

The sun and the photographer, acting in concert, have played a trick on Mrs. Vernon Castle, of the U.S.A., seen here at a recent meet of the United Hunts Racing Association at Belmont Park. They have veiled her in the lattice of shadow from her hat, with

curiously picturesque result. Mrs. Castle is well known as a dancer, and became a familiar figure when the Tango craze was at its height. She is exceedingly fond of the very latest in hats and frocks.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

"GREEN CHALK"; "DECADENT GEOMETRY"; NOW, DANCING.



A VERY VERSATILE LADY WHO IS THE WIFE OF AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY:
MRS. GEOFFREY CHURCH.

Mrs. Geoffrey Church, whose husband holds a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, is clever, versatile, and began her career as a writer when she was only sixteen—a fact which recalls a satirical couplet of the early 'eighties, about young ladies "scarcely out of pinafores Before they 're knocking at Sam Tinsley's doors." But Mrs. Church,

as "Doris Somerville," wrote a book called "Green Chalk," which elicited much interest and comment. She is also known as an artist, and last year she held an Exhibition of "Decadent Geometry" at the Doré Galleries. At the present time she is assiduously studying dancing.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



VICOMTESSE LOUIS DE LA PANOUSE.

ALL day she is at Knightsbridge, among the workers. Her own office on the ground floor is barricaded by bales of hospital material, and the visitor with the ordinary business of these extraordinary days to transact goes up to the secretaries on the first floor. English girls who come to show their passports, proving that they are ready to take marching orders for France; volunteers with motors; emissaries from manufacturing chemists; American recruits; the inquirer who gets news from the indefatigable Mr. Philip Wilkins of a package that had not arrived to time in some distant station at the front; railway people from Charing Cross and Victoria; typists running up and down stairs with their flapping sheaves of correspondence—all these and many more one meets between the hall and the large room where the various chiefs have their departmental territory marked off with screens. From what I saw, I gather those chiefs are not properly behind their respective screens for more than half-an-hour in the long day. If it saves time to deal with a caller on the stairs, it is there that he is dealt with; perhaps half-a-dozen other people are told the things they want to know during one journey between two departments. Quite suddenly the waiting-room is turned into a council chamber for a group of men in khaki, with Mr. Illingworth, himself in uniform, as chairman. Only he, at the end of the day, knows the length and breadth of work accomplished by his department. He looks after an ambulance scheme that covers the whole of France, and to know where the Society's motors are at work is to know the French map over and over.

Reasonable Content.

But if the heads of departments are happy in the consciousness of good works, it is in Vicomtesse Louis de la Panouse, *la Présidente* herself, that I found the serenity of a full realisation of what the Croix Rouge Française is doing. She reminded me of the reverend mother—the young reverend mother—of the Sisters of Nazareth in Hammersmith. Hers is the serenity of doing all that can be done to meet a great and instant need. It is the serenity that nurses find at the front, the serenity found by all who give themselves to, and forget themselves in, the service of others.

Covering the Map.

To the ambulance-worker it comes naturally enough. He feels, in his own arms, the weight of soldiers limp with exhaustion; he hears the urgency of their demand for attention; he is the witness of the present extremity of dozens of his fellow-men; and he sheds, without effort, the selfishness of a lifetime. Naturally, he is happier than ever before. But so, too, are the workers at 9, Knightsbridge. There, a few yards from the careless road, in an elaborate house built and decorated to keep one family in luxury, is a staff working for thousands upon

thousands of wounded men in another country. It is office work; they do not see the objects of their pity. But the system they control is so admirably simple that Knightsbridge is directly in touch with every hospital in France. The Comtesse receives requisitions straight from the managers and matrons who need supplies. A map on her wall is dotted with flags showing those places which have received her goods: that map is a mass of flags.

The Direct Method.

In the basement is Comtesse de Saint-Seine, checking great piles of clothing and making ready for the packers. Her window looks upon a kitchen area, but there is the light of a distant horizon in her eyes. At one hand are khaki handkerchiefs ready to go to a hospital that reports itself handkerchiefless; at the other stacks of light summer garments, thin pyjamas, shirts, and bedding for sun-scorched

wounded from the Dardanelles. Perhaps some nun has written from, say, Baccarat to report that her soldiers are coming in from the trenches in rags, and that her cupboards are empty. The Comtesse goes forth with to her kitchen cupboard in Knightsbridge, and makes up her bale. In a few days the Baccarat nun will be cutting English string with her French scissors, ripping up English sacking, and distributing English goods among the soldiers.

More! Upstairs, in the *pharmacie*, Mrs. Hugh Playfair attends to the multitudinous requisitions for cotton-wool, bandages, serums,

and medical goods. Her books prove at a glance the distribution of miles of bandage and tons of cotton-wool, all to hospitals in desperate need; her books show, besides, the ever-constant call for more. "More, more, more!" cry the doctors and matrons; and only in proportion to the persistency of English donations can the cry be answered.

Madame La Présidente.

It was Mme. de la Panouse's desire that I should write of the Society's work rather than of its *Présidente*. Her manner—of smiles and extreme gentleness—is one that keeps all her associates content to do her bidding. M. Cambon, with whose staff Vicomte Louis de la Panouse is connected as Military Attaché, could name no one more admirably suited to the great task of presiding over the London committee of the Croix Rouge. The Vicomtesse has lived in England for the last few years—her children are now at Eastbourne, save for the daughter who helps her at No. 9—but the home of her childhood is on the borders of Lorraine. The enemy has crossed her own areas, and her help has gone out to men who have fought in their defence. It has gone to those, because it has gone to all,



PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH RED CROSS IN LONDON: THE VICOMTESSE LOUIS DE LA PANOUSE.

The Vicomtesse Louis de la Panouse, here seen with one of her daughters, is President of the French Red Cross in England. Her marriage took place in July 1893. Her husband is Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London, and is a C.V.O.

Photograph by G.P.U.

COWS AND HAYMAKING IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.



RUS IN URBE: TOP-HATS AND TAXIS MINGLE WITH CHURNS AND PITCHFORKS ON THE FRINGE OF THE MALL.



THE DAIRYMAIDS OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE: MILKING A COWDRAY COW IN THE PURLIEUS OF PALL MALL.



IN LORD COWDRAY'S LONDON GARDEN: A DAIRYING GUARANTEE AND A HAYMAKING SCENE AT LORD COWDRAY'S, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.



IF SILVER BULLETS, "WHY NOT A SILVER CHURN?"—THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM MURRAY MAKING BUTTER.



A CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE HOSTESS WHO HAS TURNED HER GARDEN INTO A MODEL FARM: LADY COWDRAY (ON THE LEFT).



HELPING TO MOBILISE WOMEN FOR WAR WORK ON THE LAND: THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE INTERESTED IN A DAIRY APPLIANCE.

The historic spectacle of a cow being milked and hay being tossed in Carlton House Terrace has of late been on view in the garden of Lord Cowdray's house, No. 16, backing on the Mall. Lord and Lady Cowdray have had established there a model farm, where girls are taught haymaking, milking and butter-making, and the management of horses, with a view to the employment of women on the land in order to

release agricultural labourers for military service. All the latest dairying and farming appliances are exhibited in use there. The scheme was organised by the National Political League Land Council, which is raising funds for the mobilisation of women for agricultural labour. Few people suspected that the Carlton House Terrace "palaces" were big enough to "accommodate a menagerie."—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

IT was to be expected of Lord and Lady Willingdon that they would follow the King's example in table manners. Though Government circles in Bombay take their champagne very

seriously, regarding it as one of the compensations for the climate and the rewards of office, the supply is now entirely cut off at Government House, and only at big dinners will whisky or brandy be handed round. The same thing would have happened in Dublin if the Aberdeens had stayed there. Lady Aberdeen always had the courage of an economical larder, and the Viceregal cellars would certainly have been closed down during a time of national retrenchment.



ENGAGED TO MR. AMBROSE DENIS BROWNE: MISS ALICE WINIFRED WHITE.

Miss White is the only daughter of the late Sir William Henry White, K.C.B., F.R.S., and step-daughter of Lady White, of Cedarcroft, Putney Heath. Mr. Ambrose Denis Browne is in the Artists' Rifles, and is the son of the late Rev. Robert Browne, M.A., Rector of Fawley, Hants, and Mrs. Browne, of Cahirdown, Holford Road, Hampstead.

Photograph by Sarony.

A moment later a servant also ran across the Minister's field of vision, but faster. Then the door was opened. "I do hope you were not kept waiting," said Lady Aberdeen after greeting him. "You see, this is the servants' Weekly Games Day!"

Lady Willingdon, (the Mrs. Freeman-Thomas of a few years back) is capable, like her father, Lord Brassey, of going her own ways; and Bombay will be grateful for the firm lead of a woman who is never in two minds. At seventeen she took a step which some women spend a lifetime before deciding: she married. Since then she and her husband have lived mostly in a fold of the Sussex Downs at Ratton, or in Belgravia. Bombay is an experience of only the last couple of years.



TO MARRY MISS EVELYN MAY BUTTANSHAW: CAPTAIN GEORGE TALBOT BURNEY.

Captain Burney, whose engagement is announced, is in the 1st Gordon Highlanders, attached to the Northern Nigeria Regiment, and is the elder son of Brigadier-General Herbert Henry Burney, C.B., and Mrs. Burney.

Photograph by Debenham.

"I Spy!" But nowadays stories of Viceregal economies have ceased. The régime is changed. Lady Wimborne cannot live up, or down, to all the delightful traditions established by her predecessor. Take, for instance, the tale told by a former First Lord. He called at the Castle, rang the bell, settled his tie, and waited. No answer. After ringing again without effect, he peered through the glass panels at the side of the door into a deserted interior. Just as he turned to go, he saw Lady Aberdeen, her skirts well tucked up, rush across the hall, as if from one place of concealment to another.

Lady Willingdon, (the Mrs. Freeman-Thomas of a few years back) is capable, like her father, Lord Brassey, of going her own ways; and Bombay will be grateful for the firm lead of a woman who is never in two minds. At seventeen she took a step which some women spend a lifetime before deciding: she married. Since then she and her husband have lived mostly in a fold of the Sussex Downs at Ratton, or in Belgravia. Bombay is an experience of only the last couple of years.

An Encore for Elizabeth.

Lady Diana Manners, herself an actress, was unable to attend Miss Elizabeth Asquith's matinée, and another absentee was Miss Violet Asquith. Though, according to general report and the impression of the audience, Mr. Asquith also missed the performance, it is not improbable that the

P.M. was sitting at the back of a box during his daughter's appearance. Mrs. Astor, by the way, booked Miss Asquith for an encore in Grosvenor Square.



MARRIED ON JULY 14: MRS. C. M. MAINWARING.

Mrs. Mainwaring (formerly Miss Margot Lethbridge) who was married on Wednesday last, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, S.W., is the daughter of Captain Lethbridge, and a granddaughter of Sir Roper Lethbridge and the late Admiral Croft.—[Photograph by Bacon.]



SISTER AND NEPHEW OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PREMIER: MRS. R. C. HAWKIN, SISTER OF GENERAL BOTHA, AND HER SON.

The little son of Mrs. Hawkin, Master Louis Hawkin, was knocked down recently by a motor-car and injured. Mrs. Hawkin is the sister of the famous South African statesman and soldier, General Louis Botha, who has just added German South-West Africa to the British Empire.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

Duchess, too, on her own lines, was a pioneer in strenuous diversions. Obstacle races at Eaton, camel-riding in Egypt, and, quite lately, a déshabille trip in a dahabeah up the Nile, are memories that make the hard work of the present year all the more keenly relished. Both the Duke and the Duchess are very modern in their ideas, and even Dukes and Duchesses of to-day recognise in practical fashion that they live in a restless age.

Diana Invalided. Lady Diana's accident, at first supposed to be a plain-going fracture of the leg, was followed by an operation in a nursing home. For Lady Diana, of all people, to be laid up when things are doing and to be done is a misfortune. A splendid worker for charity, she was full of engagements. How many programmes and miniature flags will miss their billet while she is invalided!

The Duke in Scotland. Ever since the earlier stages of

the war the Duke of Westminster has been dodging shells and publicity. Annoyed at the beginning by a somewhat highly coloured account of his bravery in France—nothing, it might be argued, can be more

highly coloured than the truth—he has since contrived to do his bit "on the quiet." It has been an adventurous year, with no time wasted. When the thing began he was travelling on the Continent with his ponies, and his first idea was not to get out of the way (the instinct of most travellers), but to put himself under orders forthwith. The duties given him have suited him admirably. He cannot say what sort of soldier he would have made if he had been confined in a dug-out for six months, but in any work meaning expedition he has rejoined exceedingly. Moreover, he has been in England off and on, and last week he got as far as Scotland. He is the most restless of Dukes, and also the most tireless.

The End of the Holidays. Both at Eaton and in Scotland the Duke's holidays are undertaken at top speed—and only a little while ago it was whole years of holidays! Whether it was a question of transporting polo ponies across half Europe or getting nearly drowned in a seaplane, he was always ready. The

Duke's holidays are undertaken at top speed—and only a little while ago it was whole years of holidays! Whether it was a question of transporting polo ponies across half Europe or getting nearly drowned in a seaplane, he was always ready. The



TO MARRY THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT: LIEUT. ADRIAN BETHELL.

Mr. Bethell is in the 2nd Life Guards, and is the only son and heir of Mr. William Bethell, of Rise and Watton Abbey, Yorkshire. Miss Tennant is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner and a niece of Mrs. Asquith, wife of the Prime Minister.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN G. T. BURNEY: MISS EVELYN MAY BUTTANSHAW.

Miss Buttanshaw, whose engagement is announced, is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. T. Buttanshaw, of Marsh View, Hythe, Kent. Captain Burney is in the 1st Gordon Highlanders, attached to the Northern Nigeria Regiment.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.

BAD SHOOTING.



HIS FATHER (*answering a request for further funds*): Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you have in a week!

THE SON: Well, pater; don't grumble at me for that—it's grandfather you ought to blame.

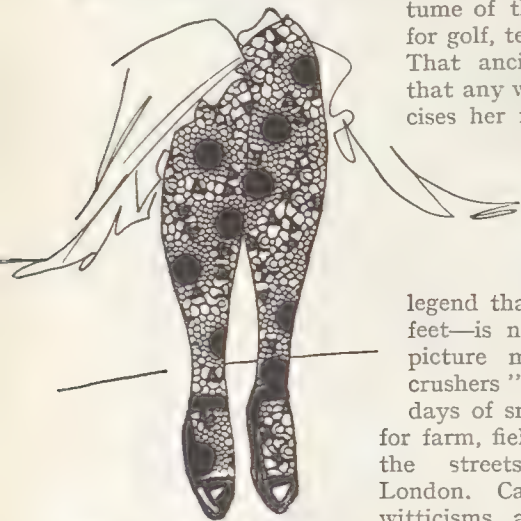
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

The "Sports Girl" in War Time.

War has cracked the "Nut" and killed the male golfing exquisite, but left the "Sports Girl" very much alive. In fact, she is more in evidence than ever. For, really, outdoor exercise is the only form of recreation left. The London season is represented only by a series of charity matinées and "days" of one kind or another. The smart "function" is gone; even the staid pleasures of a garden-party are taken shamefacedly, under the guise of "doing something" for the soldiers. Still Ranelagh and Hurlingham, Roehampton and the river are with us, and as one must unbend the bow sometimes and somehow, the call of the countryside, the tennis-lawn, and the water are more than usually seductive. And so it is that the "Sports Girl" has never been more exuberant than this year, and the fact is faithfully reflected in the shops. A walk round the West End "establishments" reveals the great variety and becoming character of the sports costume of the day, whether for golf, tennis, or boating. That ancient superstition that any woman who exercises her muscles must be a dowdy creature with long teeth and clumsy feet—which, by the way, gave rise to the ugly legend that all Englishwomen had big feet—is now only held by the comic-picture men. Jests about "beetle-crushers" fall strangely flat in these days of smart shoes, be they designed

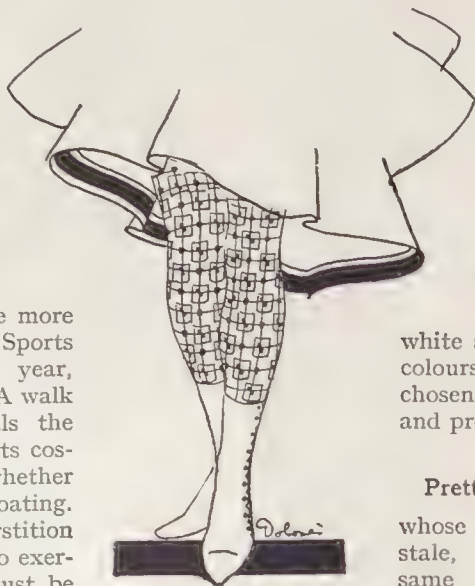


Another example of the stocking, this time with an unconventional floral design, which should match the tone of the blouse-coat.

a grace to the figure never achieved by the ancient and mercifully defunct steel armour-plating, and the untidy hair and generally unattractive appearance of the pioneers of games for women have given way to the smart, well-shod, athletic person who is fashionable from the crown of her neat hat to the toe of her well-cut shoe.

Not a Do-Nothing.

But it is a mistake to suppose that the "Sports Girl" clings selfishly to her diversions while other women devote their energies to war work. A new race of "sportswomen," in a double sense, has, in fact, sprung up. Our leading tennis and golf players take part in "shows" organised for the benefit of one war charity or another. Your river girl sticks to her punt, but no longer as a luxurious lounge on a pile of fervid cushions. That once-pleasing pastime is exchanged for the more severe rôle of pilot to "wounded heroes" regaining health and strength on Father Thames and his smaller brethren. Tennis becomes an exercise to fit one for further patriotic efforts, golf is merely a medium for letting-off the superfluous steam many would like to expend on munition-making.—Another explanation for the



Sporting hosiery, making a geometrical appearance under a much-abbreviated skirt.

for farm, field, or the streets of London. Caustic witticisms about square waists or no waists at all lose all their point, now that sporting corsets add



Albeit in war-time the "Sports Girl's" energies are diverted into more useful channels than golf and tennis-playing, yet even she must have a holiday sometimes, and the sketches above show two well-cut blouses and a most attractive blouse-coat for her use on these occasions.

ubiquity of the "Sports Girl" is the very becoming garments intended for her use. River coats, tennis coats, golf coats, and "sports" coats in general are so smart, their colour-schemes so daring, their form so attractive, that few women can resist the temptation to wear them, more especially as their rainbow tints are in charming contrast to the prevailing monotone of colour which is the note of other departments of women's dress. Now the crowning glory of the "sports" coat is its colour or its stripe, and both are vivid in hue. The last shrill shriek in this direction is the blouse coat, which, as its name implies, does duty for a blouse, or a coat, or both. These coats look their best worn with white skirts; there should be no haphazard mingling of colours, and white should alternate with the colour chosen from the feet upwards, while the hat crowns and preserves the unity of the scheme.

Pretty Hats.

The examples quoted far from exhaust the possibilities of the "sports" coat, whose infinite variety neither age can wither nor custom

stale, and the same may be said of the hats. Never has greater care been bestowed on toping the outdoor

woman. Little stitched hats of crêpe-de-Chine and felt aerophane and even tulle are provided, and there are a vast number of cunningly original linen creations, the prettiest of them being large of brim and flat of crown, such as those here sketched, with decorations in the form of

coarse blanket-stitching to match the colour of the coat. Love of a sport now "barred" finds

an outlet in a curious little jockey cap of crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with a single flower on one side of the peak.

Some hats have contrasting crowns. The contrast may be obtained by using a simple striped scarf, but a more complex way of getting the effect is to impose a white-linen crown on a brim of black velvet.

Geometric Stockings. At the other end of the scale—all our extremities are equally important—comes the sporting hosiery, upon the embellishment of which the artist in stockings expends all his creative genius, in the form of geometric and conventional floral designs, and, of course, the stocking matches the tone of the coat.

A Neat Turn Out. Some idea of the charm of the prevailing notions in sporting kit can be gathered from the illustrations on this page. There is a distinctly military suggestion about the blouse-coat with a high collar. A well-cut blouse is an indispensable part of the "sports" outfit; here you see two which, with the coat and the stockings, are examples selected at random from the well-stocked salons of Messrs. Peter Robinson in Oxford Street.



She who indulges in sports may be thus checked from top of boot to over-knee.

ANOTHER MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE — WE CAN'T HELP IT !



HANS (*of the Zeppelin crew*): Why is it, Fritz, we always bombard Southend?

FRITZ: The Herr Commandant's mother-in-law lives there!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MR. FISHER OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

By F. A. SYMONS.

MR. CHARLES FISHER, gentleman of leisure, lighted a cigarette, indolently blew the smoke through his nostrils, and glanced at the man in the next chair.

"Ah, good morning, Captain Gascoigne," he remarked. "You fellows in Colombo seem to do yourselves very well."

"Oh, Colombo isn't a bad place, even in war time," answered the Gunner languidly. "Globe-trotters are generally going strong here in the winter."

Mr. Fisher's clean-shaven face expressed indulgent amusement. He was a dapper little man, with sensitive lips, small grey eyes, and carefully brushed hair. His garments were irreproachable.

"H'm! Quite so! But why do you call me a globe-trotter?"

"Oh, I concluded you were. No reason otherwise," replied Gascoigne.

The little man glanced mysteriously around the smoking-room and leaned closer to his *vis-à-vis*.

"I am a visitor to Ceylon, undoubtedly," he stated impressively, "but I cannot claim to be the casual gentleman you imagine me to be." Dropping his voice, he leaned still nearer. "As you are an artillery officer, there can be no harm in my telling you more, particularly as I may need help before I finish my work."

Captain Gascoigne, meditatively twirling his moustache, smiled encouragement.

"I am really here on behalf of the Foreign Office," continued Fisher. "Within a few days I expect the arrival of a yacht—the *Esmeralda*."

"Ah!" grunted Gascoigne. "Friends of yours?"

"No," replied Fisher, smiling grimly. "A German-American named Cox, and suspected of passing as an Englishman in order that he may collect information of our defences. I wish to ask you officers to receive him for what he appears to be—a rich Englishman travelling for pleasure. I will do the detective work."

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated the Gunner. "The blighter!"

"I think that, between us, we ought to be able to manage this gentleman, don't you?"

"Gad, yes!" cried the Gunner. "We'll roast him."

"No, no," argued the little man, placing his hand upon the other's sleeve; "we must be gentle. If there is any hint of unpleasantness, our bird will fly."

"Hullo, Gascoigne!" intervened a cheery voice from the verandah. "How are you frittering the golden hours?"

"Good-morning, Ford," answered Gascoigne. "Come over to our mess and lunch. Let me introduce Mr. Fisher—Captain Ford. You will come to lunch too, Fisher, I hope? Ford commands a thing he calls a gun-boat."

"Humph! Yes, of course, I will go to lunch," replied Ford.

"And I also, with pleasure," agreed Fisher politely.

Five minutes later, the Gunner and his guests had called rickshaws, which raced the short distance to the Artillery Mess.

As a raconteur, Mr. Fisher proved to be a host in himself. Gascoigne, in fact, was congratulated upon the excellence of his find. The little man possessed a natural adaptability of temperament which made friends for him at every turn.

It was Ford who proposed a game of bridge after lunch. Fisher played only one rubber, then decided to watch the game and smoke.

It was almost dark before they left the mess. Hand-and-glove with the jovial commander of the gun-boat, Fisher accompanied his new friend to the jetty.

"Hah!" ejaculated the latter suddenly, pointing to a rakish white steamer which was entering the harbour. "The *Esmeralda*! I was expecting her."

The following morning Captain Gascoigne, with a knowing smile, watched Fisher starting forth in a shore-boat for the *Esmeralda*. Armed with a letter of introduction, the source of which he did not confide to Gascoigne, the latter was bent upon making friends with the new arrival without delay.

It was quite an hour before the little man returned. With him came the owner of the yacht. Gascoigne met them at the club. Fisher ordered cocktails all round, and introduced Mr. Cox to all comers.

For the next day or two Mr. Cox lent himself to roaming into odd corners. It was seldom, however, that he was seen far away from the all-discerning eye of Mr. Fisher. In appearance, he was

tall and lanky, with deep-set brown eyes, a cadaverous cast of countenance, and large, prominent ears. He spoke with a decided drawl, which distinctly savoured of Transatlantic origin.

"Our Mr. Cox is quiet," whispered Gascoigne to Fisher; "but I will bet dollars to dough-nuts that he is a deep 'un, all the same."

"He has excellent champagne on board," whispered Fisher, with a wink. Turning aside, he raised his voice to attract the American's attention. "I think some of these gentlemen would like to inspect your beautiful yacht, Cox."

"Delighted, I'm sure," drawled Cox. "Perhaps you gentlemen will honour me by dining on board to-night? I can dine six without discomfort."

"Thanks," cried Ford. "I accept, for one."

"So do I—and I," echoed Gascoigne and Fisher.

A youthful baronet, on his way home to join the Army, and a Sapper Captain, smelling a joyous evening, stepped into the vacancies with avidity.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Cox. "At eight o'clock, then."

For the rest of the day the owner of the yacht continued to wander about the beach. His wife, a dainty little woman, with blue eyes and an abundance of flaxen hair, accompanied him with a camera.

The dinner-party that evening proved to be a very pleasant function. The wine was excellent, and the meal served as only a first-class chef could do it.

"Well, gentlemen," asked Cox, over coffee and cigars, "how do you care to spend the evening?"

"Bridge seems to be the favourite game here," laughed Fisher. "I played one rubber the other day at the mess, but I soon saw that my play was not up to Colombo mark."

"All right—bridge," answered their host affably. "Two of us will have to cut out."

"If I were wise, I certainly would stand out," murmured Fisher.

Cox, shrugging his shoulders indifferently, ordered the table and whispered a few words to his wife. The latter, lingering over a Russian cigarette, declared her ignorance of the game, and elected to rest.

The Sapper and the baronet cut out.

The cards at first ran tamely. Presently, however, Gascoigne and Ford began to lose.

"What rot this is!" grumbled Ford at last. "I will bet you a fiver, Fisher, that I win the next game. Who's afraid?"

"Ten, if you like," gurgled Fisher. "I am just beginning to hold good cards. Cheer-o!"

"Ten, then!" agreed Ford promptly.

"H'm!" muttered Cox. "A bit steep! But never mind. Settle it yourselves, gentlemen. I won't bet."

As luck seemed to have it, the cards now ran entirely in Fisher's favour. Whenever his partner, Cox, dealt he went "no trumps" for a certainty. The end of the rubber soon came, and Fisher, delighted, pocketed his ten-pound bet.

In the second rubber, Ford and Gascoigne both cut out, and again Fisher and Cox fell together as partners against the Sapper and the baronet. The latter, nothing loth to bet, accepted Fisher's challenge to another ten-pound venture. Cox shrugged his shoulders indulgently, but would not bet.

Mrs. Cox, apparently attracted by the growing excitement, drew up a chair behind Fisher, lit a fresh cigarette, and settled her dainty figure comfortably to view the game.

"I hope you do not mind my looking on, Mr. Fisher, do you?" she asked casually. "I really know nothing of cards, but I like watching."

"Mind? Certainly not, Mrs. Cox," declared Fisher. "I feel quite sure that you will bring me luck."

Cox dealt. Mrs. Cox, instinctively leaning nearer to Fisher, was palpably excited by the sight of the handful of court cards which he unfolded.

"Oh, you *are* lucky!" she breathed.

"Sh—sh, my dear!" intervened Cox. "You really must not speak. Fortunately, I intended to go 'no trumps' anyway, so it does not matter this time."

Fisher's hand, as it appeared on the table, was greeted with grunts of dismay by his adversaries. He had a sequence of eight hearts, which must obviously be his partner's weak suit.

[Continued overleaf.]

HIGH EXPLOSIVES !



MOTHER: You naughty boy! What *did* you hit your baby brother for?

BOBBY: 'Cos he's been jabberin' what sounded like German.

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.



HINT TO AMATEUR AMMUNITION WORKERS: ON YOUR RETURN FROM WORK DON'T ENTER YOUR DRAWING-ROOM WITHOUT A PRELIMINARY INQUIRY. YOU MAY FIND THAT YOUR WIFE HAS INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS TO TEA!

DRAWN BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.

"You certainly have the luck of Satan," growled the baronet. Fisher chuckled with heart-whole glee.

"I am not usually lucky at cards, I assure you," he asserted. "It must be Mrs. Cox's presence which is helping me."

"Well, then, as you are my husband's partner, I had better stay here," laughed the lady.

"Do, please," pleaded Fisher.

When, a few minutes later, it came to Fisher's deal, Mrs. Cox might have been noticed to be watching him with particular interest.

"Oh, how neatly that was done!" she cried naïvely. "Do you always slip the bottom card off the pack for luck?"

Fisher, stopping abruptly, turned crimson.

"What on earth do you mean?" he stammered.

"Oh, I hope I have said nothing wrong," she sighed. "I presumed that you dealt that way for luck. I am so sorry. I really will not speak another word during the whole game."

For a few seconds there was absolute silence. Gascoigne and Ford sat immobile. The Sapper and the baronet, placing their cards face downwards on the table, looked from Cox to Fisher and back again.

Their host, with stern-set face and flashing eyes, rose to his feet.

"Muriel," he said, in measured accents, "will you kindly leave us for a few minutes?"

Mrs. Cox, like a frightened fawn, rose from her chair and swept across the deck. For the space of half a minute, while the six men watched her graceful figure reach the companion-way, there was a tension of the atmosphere which could be felt.

His wife gone, Mr. Cox quietly re-seated himself and met the inquiring eyes bent upon him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "when I arrived here, Mr. Fisher—or whatever his name may be—presented a letter of introduction to me, which"—deliberately lighting a fresh cigarette, he inhaled deeply—"I at once recognised to be a forgery, and—"

Fisher, his face now blanched to the hue of ashes, half rose to his feet.

"I don't understand how—" he gasped.

"Please permit me to finish," continued Cox. "Then, if you have anything to say, why"—he shrugged his shoulders—"you can say it."

"Go on!" breathed Gascoigne fiercely.

"I kept my knowledge to myself," continued Cox, "but I did not neglect to keep my eyes open. That this—er—gentleman had an ulterior motive was plain enough." He laughed softly. "My wife watched as well. Several times this evening I noticed Mr.—er—Fisher's peculiar dealing. My wife has, as you see, confirmed my suspicions."

"You are a liar!" stammered Fisher. "I can—"

"Softly, Mr.—er—Fisher," interrupted Cox. "You will get a chance to air your excuse when I have finished."

The little man, his face expressing hopeless misery, sank back in his chair.

"For the last few minutes, gentlemen," added Cox, "I have been trying to recall his face. I have at last succeeded. Permit me, gentlemen, to present to you a professional card-sharper, who, when I last saw him, was being kicked out of the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner."

Before Fisher could move, Gascoigne sprang to his feet and faced the shrinking form of the little man, whose tongue seemed to be refusing speech.

"Steady, Captain Gascoigne, please," said Cox. "I am sure that Mr.—er—Fisher has had quite enough of our society. He will disgorge the bets he has won, of course."

"Quickly, too!" shouted Ford. "Before I kick you!"

With a shrug of his shoulders, Fisher drew the sovereigns he had won out of his pocket and threw them on the table.

"This Mr. Cox is a liar, and his wife is no better," he spluttered. "I swear, gentlemen, that I never was on board an Atlantic liner."

Without a word, Cox caught the little man by the collar, lifted him from his feet like a child, carried him to the taffrail, and deliberately dropped him overboard.

There were half-a-dozen shore-boats plying for hire within twenty yards of the yacht, so, except for sharks, the danger was nothing.

A few minutes later, as the dripping figure of the little man was seen to be emerging from a boat at the quay, Mrs. Cox again appeared on deck.

"Sorry, my dear, that I was compelled to drag you into a miserable business like this," drawled Cox. "I could not, however, allow my guests to be swindled under my very nose, could I?"

"Horrid little man!" declared the lady, shuddering.

"Well, Mrs. Cox, I am sure we all owe you a deep debt of gratitude," said Gascoigne politely. "I could kick myself when I remember what a fool he has been making of us all on shore. He told us he was sent out by the Foreign Office to catch your husband stealing information about the fortifications here."

"Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated Cox. "He did, did he? The same old confidence trick! I wonder if it will ever wear out?"

During the next two days Mr. Fisher led a dog's life. Those who had accepted him at his own valuation were too ashamed of their credulity to say much, but the hitherto popular representative of the Foreign Office was shunned like a man stricken with plague.

Gascoigne found Cox a delightful companion, and Mrs. Cox was as entertaining as she was pretty. Why Fisher chose still to linger on in the island was a mystery. That he escaped a thrashing from Gascoigne was a marvel.

It was, however, not until the third day after the celebrated dinner party that any real light was thrown on the peculiar idiosyncrasies of Mr. Fisher.

Gascoigne, dining at the club with Ford, was interrupted by a waiter bearing the card of a visitor.

The name on the card—"Mr. Joseph Hammerstein"—conveyed absolutely nothing to the Gunner, Curiosity, however, urged him to follow the waiter to the verandah.

A thick-set man, with ferrety grey eyes and a square-cut chin, greeted Gascoigne respectfully.

"I have come, Sir, with a request from a Mr. Cox, who says you are an acquaintance of his," he explained. "I arrived this morning, and was fortunate enough to cut off Cox just as he was boarding his yacht." He chuckled deeply. "In another quarter of an hour I guess that yacht would have been under way."

"But in what manner can this affect me?" questioned Gascoigne in surprise.

"Well, Sir, I only hope that this—er—Mr. Cox has not affected you," drawled the stranger, "for I hold a United States warrant for his arrest."

"Arrest?"

"Yes, Sir; that is a fact. I am a New York detective."

Self-advertising detectives were hardly in favour with Gascoigne just then.

"Ah!" he grunted suspiciously.

"Yes, Siree! I have been on his track for two months. I presume that you are not aware that your Mr. Cox is the famous George Andrew Kemp, the absconding manager of the San Francisco Mutual Bank? He got away with a cool half-million dollars."

"I see," answered Gascoigne cautiously. "But did you not say he wanted to see me?"

"Yes, that is so," replied the detective. "I guess I have him safely locked up in your city cells until the mail-boat goes out to-night."

Gascoigne looked the man up and down, and sent the waiter for Ford.

In a few minutes the three men were wending their way towards the police-station. Gascoigne and Ford conversed in whispers. The American seemed content with his own thoughts.

They found the prisoner coolly smoking. As they entered the cell his immobile face expressed no vestige of concern.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "the game is against me, as you see. All the same, I did not bring you here to talk of myself. I may have robbed my bank, or"—he smiled humorously at the detective—"I may not; but I can behave square enough for all that. That interfering little fool Fisher came buzzing round my affairs, and I punished him. Now that he can do no harm, I want to set things right between you and him." He laughed softly. "I never saw Fisher on any Atlantic liner, gentlemen; he did not cheat at cards on the *Esmeralda*; his introduction letter was not bogus—he got it all right from a man I met at Bombay."

"Good heavens!" cried Ford. "He didn't cheat?"

"That is correct," replied the pseudo-Cox. "I happen to be rather good at card-tricks, so I dealt him bang-up hands. Then my wife accused him of cheating. All done, gentlemen, entirely to get rid of his attentions to me. He was evidently on my track for some reason, and I didn't like it—that's all."

"You d—d scoundrel!" thundered Gascoigne.

The prisoner, his facial expression changing not one vestige, bowed with mock politeness, then coolly turned his back on his visitors.

It was some time before Gascoigne and Ford could find Fisher. The little man, looking decidedly woebegone, was smoking a cigar in the Galle Face Hotel.

In a few words they described their recent interview, and tendered abject apologies.

Fisher, smiling urbanely, held out his hand.

"It was not your fault," he said. "You could hardly have done otherwise."

"But how the deuce did you become mixed up in the affair, anyway?" cried Ford.

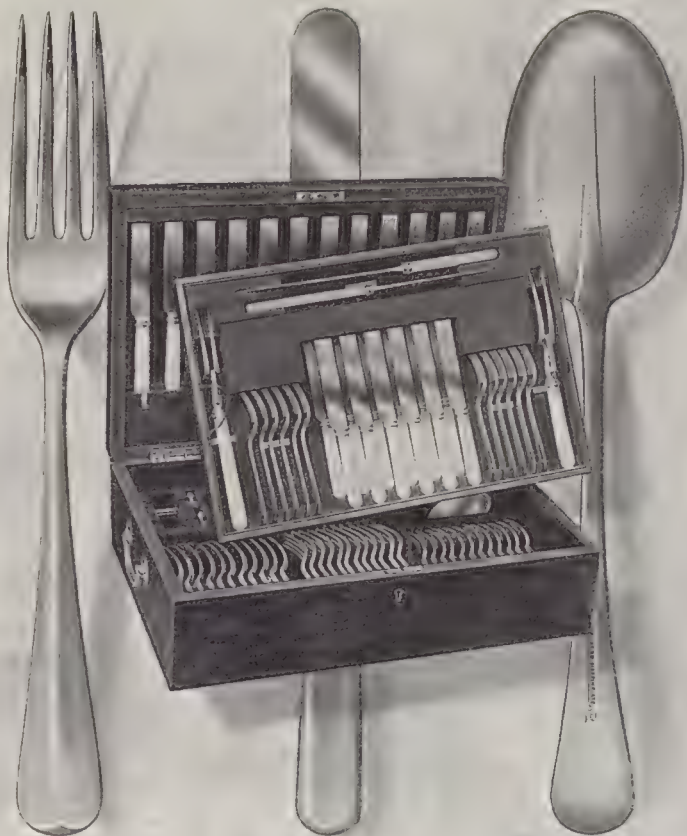
"Well," sighed the little man, "I am afraid I have all along been chivied by rotten luck. I am, in fact, always putting my foot into it, somewhere or other. In this case, I happened to be in Bombay. The spy question was on the *tapis*. A friend mentioned that Cox was suspected of being a German. I thought I saw my way to gaining a little kudos, so I started in on amateur detective work."

"But I thought you said you were sent out by the Foreign Office?" asked Ford bluntly.

"Oh, no; not sent," explained Fisher. "I said I came on behalf of the Foreign Office, which I hope you will admit was a harmless little conceit."

"Come and have a cocktail?" said Gascoigne.

"Thanks, awfully. I think it will do me a lot of good," sighed Fisher.



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Keep the Machine in Order.

This is the first duty of all of us—the combatants and the non-combatants. We are always very careful of our motor-engines, or other machinery upon which much depends, and many of us are remarkably haphazard about our own human machinery; yet it is ever most important not to allow it to clog. If it does so, the whole organic system is put out of order. The way to prevention is to use the right thing. The secret of good health depends upon the speedy elimination of waste products, with the consequent regular working of the organs, and the way to secure this permanently and healthfully is to take Figolax, which is delightfully palatable and absolutely efficacious. It is the last word in the scientific preparation of fine fruit and vegetable essences, and is free from any injurious preservatives or minerals. It is the pleasant way to prevent clogging, and to keep the human machine efficient and in tip-top order. It costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. a bottle, and is extremely good value. It is English, too, made by the Figolax Company, 22-30, Graham Street, City Road, N., but all chemists have it, and it is important to insist on having it, and not something that "does as well," is "just as good," or "the same thing." Figolax is a really effective lubricator of the human machine, keeping all the parts up to the highest mark of efficiency.

Fresh Eggs for Wounded Sailors and Soldiers.

Hens, like women, their human prototypes, have risen to the occasion of the war. While the latter have shown unsuspected qualities of organisation, unselfishness, and work, the former have been quite conscientiously laying eggs for the wounded men who so badly need them. There is not a word to be said against the hens, nor the men and women who have organised the National Egg Collection to send them new-laid to our invalid soldiers. The need is, however, great; no fewer than seventy thousand eggs a day are required, and more and more will undoubtedly be asked for. There are nearly a thousand collecting-depots, but these do not represent all the districts which should be sending eggs. Anyone starting new depots will materially help the scheme, while money from those unable to give eggs is a great help. A full list of depots will be sent on application to the Central Offices, 154, Fleet Street, E.C. Heads of the Army Medical Service testify to the value of eggs sent fresh to the wounded.

The Eyes of the Armies.

There is something besides munitions of which our soldiers have not enough—Binoculars. Our deadly, and finely organised, enemy supply their men with many more pairs than ours have. The Admiralty and the War Office want the supply increased at once. Dollond and Co., the celebrated opticians, are performing a patriotic service in asking all who possess prism binoculars to sell them to their firm, as they can adapt most of them to fulfil Government requirements. They will buy suitable binoculars at a price satisfactory to the sellers; and where the glasses are in good condition, will pay the original retail price given for them. Parcels should

be addressed: Messrs. Dollond and Co., Ltd., 11, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, E.C. Immediate settlement and acknowledgment will be made to every sender, who should remember that prism binoculars, and not ordinary-pattern glasses, are asked for. It is obvious that when manufacturers are prepared to do this, and are straining their utmost to supply a great need of the fighting forces, no private owner should keep back a pair of prism binoculars which will play a part in winning the war.

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is by no means unattainable; but, like all other blessings, it does not come without some pains expended. In this case, the means is easy to procure: a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream will do it for any woman who buys it for 2s. or 6s. 3d., and continues to use it. It is not a greasy application, but a scientific and fine preparation from a prescription by Dr. Gouraud. It makes the skin really peach-like, and is a wonderful curer of the ills the complexion is heir to. Many readers have expressed their belief in it, and to those who do not know its virtue, the proprietors offer a trial bottle if they will mention *The Sketch*, and send an application for one, with 2d. to cover postage, to F. T. Hopkins and Son, 19, St. Bride Street, E.C.



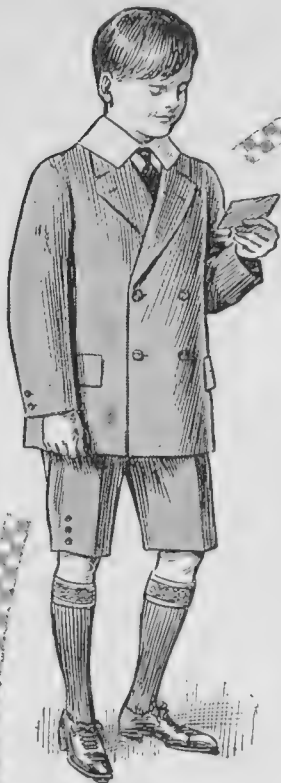
ROBERTSON

A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN.

The under-dress of this pretty negligé is made of flesh-pink crêpe-de-Chine, the corsage being ornamented with ribbon embroidery in various shades, and has a black velvet ribbon threaded through the waist. The coat is of deep Rose-du-Barri pink chiffon bordered with bouillons of the same, and has appliques of taffeta roses in various shades of pink, mauve, and crimson.

Under the patronage of Mrs. Asquith, a concert will take place at 18, Grosvenor Square (by kind permission of Mrs. John Astor) tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon, July 22, at which Sacha Votitchenko, the famous Russian artist, will play eighteenth-century Russian and French music on the tympanon. He will be kindly assisted by Mlle. Ratmirova, Miss Ida Kiddier, Miss Maude Valerie White, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Samuel Mann; and Miss Elizabeth Asquith will recite. The tympanon is a prototype of the clavecin, and the instrument which Votitchenko is playing was presented to an ancestor of his by Louis XIV. Tickets, at one guinea and half-a-guinea, can be obtained from Mrs. Asquith, 10, Downing Street, Whitehall, and the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych. A part of the proceeds will be given to the aid of the wounded.

All realise the importance of getting pure milk, but it is difficult to make sure that all milk is pure. Milk supplied by the dairy is sometimes unreliable, and this summer—as was pointed out in the Press recently—the danger of impurity is increased by the shortage of labour. The milk takes longer on its journey from the cow to the home, and this, coupled with the fact that disease germs multiply far more quickly in lukewarm milk, makes it more difficult than ever to make sure that the milk is pure. It is claimed that with the use of Ideal Milk this difficulty vanishes. Here you have, in handy, sealed cans, rich, full-cream milk, which is guaranteed absolutely pure and fresh. Ideal Milk is milk concentrated to a cream-like thickness—you can use it, diluted or undiluted, in a variety of ways. Some of these are explained in a dainty little illustrated book of recipes which will be sent to you free by the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.



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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

EQUESTRIANS AND ARCHED ROAD-SURFACES : SUNBEAM SUCCESSES : AN AEROPLANE SELF-STARTER.

A Belated Discovery.

Distinctly curious was the letter which appeared in a morning paper the other day over the signature of "Equestrian." The writer complained that corporations and district councils had done nothing to give horse-riders a chance, but had done everything in their power to make road-surfaces so slippery and curved as to be unsafe. "It is positively dangerous," he averred, "to ride a horse upon the majority of the roads in this country," and proceeded to ask why road-surveyors did not leave a four-foot strip on each side untarred. The wood and asphalt streets of London, he continued, were "much safer to ride on than the country roads, simply because the former are level and the latter are so arched that it is only asking for trouble to trot a horse on the curve."

No New Evil.

With every sympathy for the gentleman in question, one is nevertheless bound to ask him whether he has been enjoying a Rip van Winkle sleep. The highly

cambered road is a thing against which motorists have protested ever since motor-ing began, and against which, moreover, cyclists protested at a still earlier date. The danger and uselessness of an arched road-surface have been pointed out by the Roads Improvement Association time and time again. The old argument of the surveyors themselves was that the raising of the road in the centre allowed the water to drain off to the sides; but to this it has always been properly replied that if the road-crust were made of suitable material there would be no need to worry about a curve. "Equestrian" appears to think

that a cambered road is a new thing, born of the villainy of rural authorities; but, as a matter of fact, it may safely be said that not only is the system not resorted to in any new thoroughfare, but efforts have been made to reduce the arch on existing roads. There are still, unfortunately, highways where the needful reform has not been effected, and no case is more flagrant than that of the Portsmouth Road between Pain's Hill and Ripley, along which driving is at all times difficult; but here, at all events, "Equestrian" has no grievance, because the road is bordered at either side by grass. As for the making of special strips, one cannot but ask how many equestrians there are nowadays on the road at all. Cyclists, when an immense body, asked for the same thing in respect of road-watering; it is to be feared that so numerically insignificant a body as equestrians now are have small chance of securing something for their own special benefit.

The Sunbeam in America.

In common with other leading manufacturers, the Sunbeam Motor Company, of Wolverhampton, are engaged entirely on War Office work, and consequently are losing for the time being the extensive clientèle

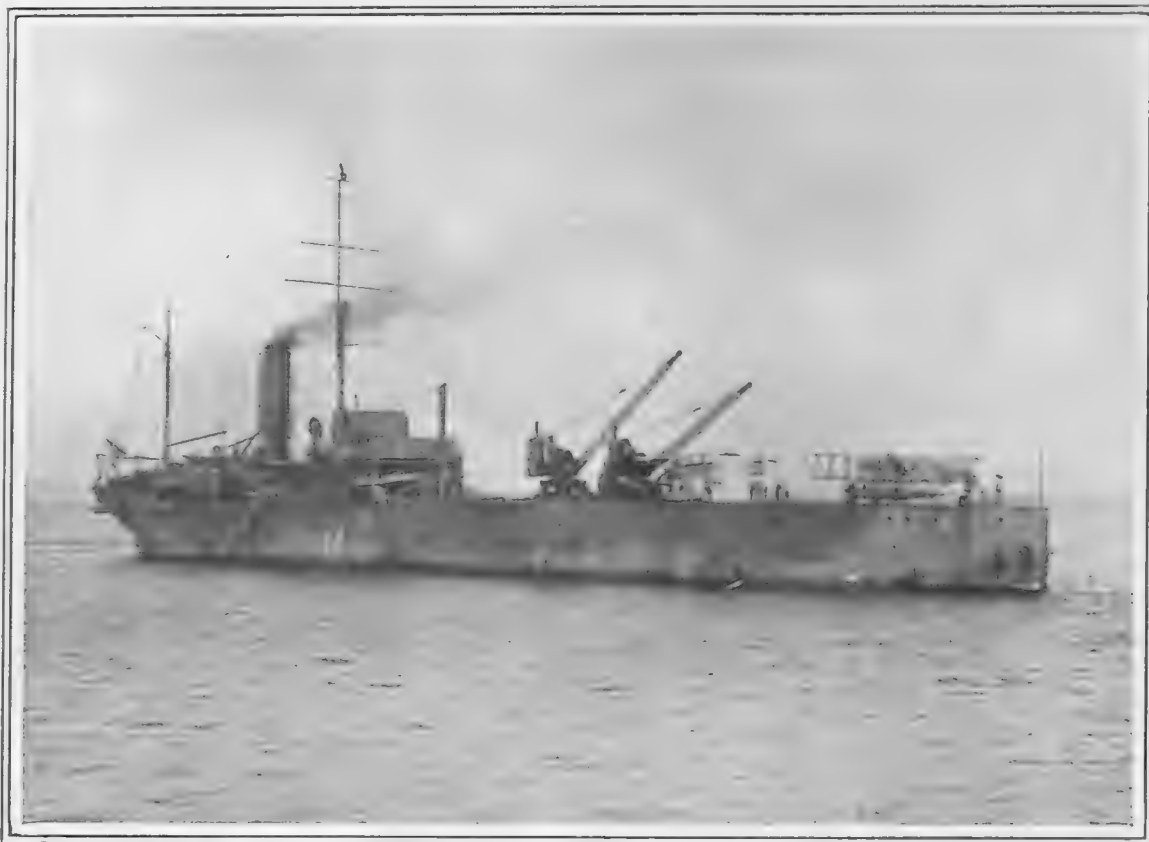
which they have built up on the high merits of the Sunbeam car. It is only fair, therefore, to call attention to the fact that in another part of the world they are keeping the Sunbeam prowess to the front. America in recent years has been building special tracks for automobile racing, and the latest is that of Chicago. Its opening was marked by a 500-mile race in which several European cars took part. These included the Peugeot on which the Englishman Resta recently won the race for the Vanderbilt Cup, and finished second in the 500-miles Indianapolis race; and also three Sunbeams, one of which, like Resta's car, was of the 1914 Grand Prix type. Resta won the Chicago race in 5 hr. 7 min. 27 sec., and another Peugeot was ninth; but the Sunbeam driven by Porporato came in a close second, while a sister Sunbeam, driven by Grant, gained the fourth place. The speed was tremendous, that of the winner averaging 97.60 miles an hour, while Porporato's was 96.50 miles an hour. The first five cars, indeed, all exceeded the 500-miles' record of 94.74 miles per hour which was established at

Brooklands by a Sunbeam. Porporato won a special prize of £400 for leading at 100 miles, and altogether the team took in prize-money £2750; while Grant's Sunbeam earned the distinction of travelling the whole 500 miles at a speed of 95.06 miles per hour without ever stopping for replenishments, tyre-renewals, or repairs. His car, moreover, was not of the 1914 type, but was one of those which took part in the Grand Prix of 1913 on the Amiens Circuit.

Self-Starters for Aeroplanes.

Every frequenter of an aerodrome must be familiar with the process of twirling the propeller

blades of an aeroplane engine ere the pilot can cry "Let go!" and leave the ground. The operation is even more cumbrous and inconvenient than that of pulling at the starting-handle of a car. But if motor-cars can have self-starters, why not aeroplanes also? Every gallant aviator at the front must have envied the motorist who has a self-starting apparatus on his car, and it is not surprising, therefore, that efforts have been made to meet the want. The interesting development has now to be chronicled, however, that the well-known C.A.V. self-starter has been applied to the Beardmore-Daimler engine, which is a vertical motor of 90-h.p. The Acton electric specialists were handicapped in the first instance by having to limit the weight of starter, battery, gears, and fittings to 84 lb. inclusive; while the device, when complete, was put to the severest possible tests. For two minutes continuously the engine had to be turned over at 50 revolutions a minute "from cold," but this requirement was successfully accomplished, the self-starter developing 1.4-h.p. Naturally, this new development has aroused a lively interest in all branches of the aviation world.



A SEA-HAWK'S NEST AFLOAT: H.M.S. "ARK ROYAL," FROM ON BOARD WHICH THE BRITISH SEAPLANES SET OUT—SHOWING A SEAPLANE ON HER DECK AND ONE BEING HOISTED IN.

The seaplanes can "take off" from the long deck of the ship forward of the funnel. The cranes are for hoisting them in, for repairs and housing, on return from a flight. The "Ark Royal's" seaplanes, as the published despatches have stated have been rendering invaluable service in "spotting" for the artillery in the Dardanelles.

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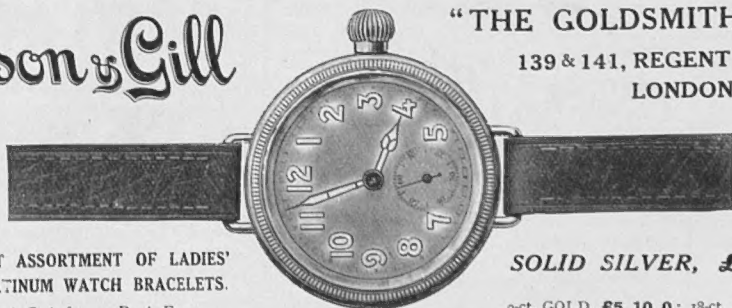
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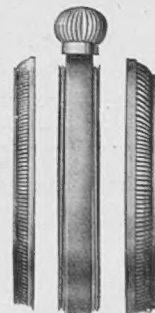
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IN the case of the Melville drama one feels a little uncertain whether the author is making fun of the audience or not. There are scenes in "Her Forbidden Marriage," produced the other night at the Lyceum, apparently intended to be serious, which seemed to have been written in a spirit of pure fun. And the comic scenes, or some of them, hardly belong to the theatre. Indeed, Mr. Ingram, as Timothy Tuttut, in an affair with a motor-car, seemed to be trying to burlesque Mr. Harry Tate; he did not quite succeed, for to out-Tate Tate is beyond human power. Is it a profoundly sophisticated or an utterly unsophisticated play? I cannot answer. The audience received it with great sympathy and enthusiasm, and did not even appear to be staggered by the fact that the heroine's forbidden marriage was invalid. I wonder whether the people who watched and clapped really believed that people behave or speak like the characters of the piece, or did they simply revel in a world which they knew to be imaginary? Studying the applause carefully, I think that they did believe in it, and that the Melville drama is as real to them as the most advanced works of the intellectuals are to any of us. Of course, I cannot give an account of the plot of the four-hour, five-act "Whirlwind Drama of Surprises," which was full of wild adventures. The company was well suited to the piece, even if it contained no performer who showed surprising ability. Miss Alice Belmore played quite prettily as the much-persecuted heroine; Miss May Davis was stupendously energetic in a soubrette part; and as a Mother Superior Miss Marie Housley acted with much dignity. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland presented the hero effectively and with admirable restraint; and Messrs. Fred Morgan and Wingold Laurence were quite amusing as a pair of scoundrels.

War, it seems, does not break people of the novel habit—in fact, in some directions it probably stimulates it. There must be thousands who can obtain only in fiction some mental relief from their anxieties; and other thousands, of soldiers and sailors, either wounded or in the leisure hours of their training, find nothing so welcome as a good story to while away the time. Excellent fare for such readers is provided by Messrs. Constable in their new Westminster Library of Fiction, a series of well-known novels by "arrived" writers, issued in a neat two-shilling cloth edition. The books of this attractive series that we have so far received comprise "The Recording Angel," by Corra Harris; "The Tramp," by P. Laurence Oliphant; "The Broken Bell," by Marie Van Vorst; "Sir Mortimer" and "By Order of the Company," by Mary Johnstone; "The Blazed Trail," by Stewart Edward White; "The Good Comrade" and "Keren of Lowbole," by Una L. Silberrad; "Growth," by Graham Travers; and "Cardigan," by R. W. Chambers. Altogether, the Westminster Library is a coalition that should appeal to all parties.

A NEW NOVEL.

"The Ink-Slinger."

By "RITA."

(Stanley Paul.)

Publishers are bad men, full of fraud and guile; creative artists are foolish ones, driven by impulse, caprice, or starvation; the reading public is a contemptible herd; the Press is the paid tool of party politicians; and as to reviewers—"any mediocre intelligence thinks it can review a book, and its idea of reviewing is fault-finding." (A distinct bias is shown in favour of the *Daily Telegraph*.) And then there are psychic possibilities; genius may be a pearl which it is mistaken to associate with the oyster at all. The oyster is only there, as far as the pearl is concerned, to supply a shelter for development, and nothing need be expected from the oyster in the way of living up to the pearl. Such germs of obvious and oft-repeated truth lie at the heart and inspire the emotion of "Rita's" story about her "Ink-Slinger." They find expression in a group of people more or less tiresome, and familiar enough to be stale. How often has fiction insisted upon Wroth Fermoy, the brilliant, selfish, weak, and unworldly author! How often, too, upon the young doomed cripple all sweet wisdom and solicitude! How more than often upon the patient, capable woman whose head and shoulders and heart are framed to serve at the altar of man's exigencies! A pale riband of sentiment binds these types together for better or for worse; the little cripple achieves her doom by dying, the strong woman by marrying, and the weak man by being married; and though it is not possible to believe greatly in the American cure which Wroth took for his drunkenness, the story ends with something of the peace and the promise of sunset at close of a stormy day. Though "Rita" has omitted to do so, she ought to have prefaced her book with a golden motto: Never deal with a publisher without the intermediary of an agent—he is well worth his commission. But then Wroth would have had no grievance—or rather, not this special grievance, for such passionate rhetoric as his must out, though publishers, politicians, and Press turned saints to-morrow. And the person with a grievance, even the creative artist with a grievance, is a bore—yes, with courage be it said, though but of "mediocre intelligence."

From July 1, all the beds at the Royal Chest Hospital are being occupied by sick and wounded soldiers. Gifts of clothing, tobacco, provisions, fruit, vegetables, games, magazines, books, and papers for the soldiers will be welcomed by the Secretary, Royal Chest Hospital, City Road, E.C.

A reader who sends us courteous "congratulations on the excellent pictures of Sir John French's house" in last week's *Sketch* points out that, by a slip of the pen, we have credited Hertfordshire, instead of the county of Middlesex and parish of Enfield, with the honour of being the home of the famous Field-Marshal, and, further, that Enfield is also, "not inappropriately," the home of "the celebrated Small Arms Factory."

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